# EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY CAN FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE TO READ

## THE CRACK IN THE BELL" STORY OF POLITICS IN PHILADELPHIA

. BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

### CHAPTER XXV

For Sylvy Aurentsky! OR Sylvy Aurentsky!" That had been the slogan which Ruth had ed and Jerry had accepted back se callow days of six months ago, bose callow days of six months ago, ben each was so blissfully ignorant of the life of the control of the life of ther sort of girl, while old Victor!

But between Victor and Sylvy was the aurniountable barrier which the atterney, suddenly humbled and cautious fore this great passion of his, had aund no way to break past, even sufficiently to begin his wooing, fearing in set to frighten the girl and in part to have his motives totally misundersood. In the meantime he contented aimself with watching over every step of the girl's life, his concern for her welfare never relaxing for a moment, while his heart waited and hungered. But in the midst of this waiting something happened that upset the lawyer-lover terribly.

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Sylvy, oppressed by the hopeless grind
of poverty, thrown into despair by the
consciousness that her father had totally
lest his grip and was drifting nearer and
nearer to the point when he would be a
mere human firebrand in the hands of a
skilled agitator like Levene, began to
take on an attitude of moody indiffercore. She dawdled over her work and
thought she was doing it well enough,
but one night found herself discharged,
walking disspiritedly home from the
street car, wondering how she should
be able to tell her mother that the principat breadwinner of the family had
lost her position, she espied ahead of
her three girls whose acquaintance belonged to more prosperous days. They
were Aline Sax, Jeanette Wieler and
bertha Kopel had seen her first.

"Hello, kid!" was Bertha's greeting.

"Hello, kid." was Bertha's greeting.
What you mopin' past like that for.
Come in and get a soda."
Sylvy was too spiritless even to de-

privy, as if she had done a shame-thing, hurried homeward, to find mother anxious and her father com-ning bitterly that business with the heart was so bad. twas so bad.

decided to postpone telling her she had been discharged till, and then she postponed it till. In the morning she postponed in and went off to the car as but this time to search for emit instead of finding it waiting

and before a quarter of the day done she was packing hairpins in Discontent, however, grew upon strl. Her fellow workers were and unattractive. She was quiet reserved amid such contacts; they observed and twitted her with be-

erstood and twitted her with beck-up, me things were not much better, where wore a dolorous air, and ild blame her? The children were nate, but dirty, and they got on ter's nerves. Her father was apperating of all, drifting more to under the influence of Levene, ough she detected the Russian utterly, it was hardly strange irl began to accept some of his do to feel that the whole social was evil, that it must be deuterly and a new start made, ng was wrong, she knew, or could not have turned her nto a mendicant merchant with art.

THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

JERRY ARCHER, with his brother Paul, actively conducting the business of the Archer Tool Works engaged in Gevernment war contracts.

WILLARD H, BUCKINGHAM, financial genius and the most powerful man in Philadelphia as the result of the complete political control which his financial prowess gives him.

RUTH BUCKINGHAM, his daughter.

who is ensured to Jerry Archer without the knowledge or consent of her parents. VICTOR ROLLINSON, a rising young lawyer and close friend of Jerry Archer, He knows life in all its bitterness and

vicious sort, and a distinct political asset for the "Organization," a Councils' lobbyist: MICHAEL KELLY, a Carey division leader in MAX RISSMAN, a newspaper reporter who prove to be Jerry Archer's

THE STORY THUS FAR

Jerry Archer never gave any attention to politics, reform or civic affairs, until he had his skull cracked open by a policeman's club when he attempted to intercede in behalf of a poor Jewish merchant feeling the suppressed wrath of the "guardian of the peace." That event taught the young millionaire that the Organization, through its control of the police, dispenses favors and suppresses all opposition. The episode with the policeman also brings him into contact with Mike Kelly, who gives Jerry his first lesson in practical polities.

At the same time Jerry discovers the power of Buckingham, who, at the instance of his daughter Ruth, called up Edmunds on the long distance telephone at Atlantic City and commands that man to preduce Jerry, to quash the charge and to punish the offenders. Thus it is that the policeman is discharged—not for having beaten a citizen, but for having dared to interfere with a friend of Willard H. Buckingham.

beaten a citizen, but for having dared to interfere with a friend of Willard H. Buckhaham.

His civic consciousness aroused Jerry refuses Jim Rand's demand for 15000 in order to push through Councils a franchise for a spur track to the factory. At the psychological moment Max Rissman uncovers the story of the arrest of Jerry and the two events make him a penular idol. Jerry has become interested in Sylvy Aurentsky, especially so since Kelly assured him that the girl was not safe with such men as Maldone around. When Syrvy's rather rescues his daughter from the gunman the latter, incessed, has Aurentsky arrested on a trumped-up charge. Meanwhile Jerry had told Victor Rollinson about Sylvy, and the young lawyer, when he meets the girl, in the course of investigating an accident, immediately falls in love with here.

Although Rollinson has Maidono arrested a friendly judge releases him on ball and the thug is able to ensineer the attack on the Lafayette Club in the Fifth Ward and the murder of Detective Eppley. Both events take place in Jerry's presence. After election, when the Town Meeting party has been beaten, Jerry makes plans for the next fight, and is introduced to the "Sage of Philadelphia" who enables the young popular hero to start a "Beal Republicans" party to buck the contractor organ-

At first extremely self-conscious, At first extremely self-conscious, Sylvy sat with eyes fixed on her plate or on Bertha's broad, rather coarse face, but with the progress of the meal, this shyness were off. Venturing to look about her she saw many others dining as cheerfully as Bertha. There was music stimulus, too, as well as crowd stimulus. Soon she talked and laughed and tried to appear as happy as the others.

where the class away from her.
"Why if the child ain't cryin', declared Aline.
"What do you make of the class and the content of the class and the content of the content o

nancial prowess gives him.

has risen above it.

SYLVY AURENTSKY, a young girl
of the ghetto, whose father is unable to
overcome political and economic oppres-

different ways, | official" who is Buckingham's push-button when that

Trowbridge was the most likely feller I knew. Unkless of amusement greeted this. Some time later Patty, with a disposed droop to her mouth, came in sight of the farm of Rex Trowbridge. A white farmhouse lay before her, set against an attractive background of blossoming fruit trees. To either side dered by woodland. Patty's spirits rose. "Are you Mr. Trowbridge "weetly. "I am, came a pleasant drawl. "What can I do for you?"

Patty told her story. Mr. Trowbridge "like and gravely. "I'm afraid," he began. Patty wilted perceptibly, and her paused. "I tell you what I'll fet you know in a few days, if you'll give me your address."

Patty gave it to himagloomily. He was just making his refusal kinder. Why didn't men ever think girls were good for anything practical."

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Patty and for anything practical. The continued to look at it in delight and amazement, then, "That's one on me," he said, and tucked it carefully away in his pocket.

A few days later Patty received his to the didn't weep to have a look of the control o

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette-



# STEALTHY TERROR



"It is dangerous, but it is not like the last," I answered, looking her full in the eyes

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES" By DADDY

IN UNCLE SAM'S SERVICE A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

## CHAPTER V

The Man at the Old Mill (Peggy, made invisible by Camou-

fage Perfume, visits an army camp. Ben and Bill Dalton throw into the river a German spy who tries to get them to desert. They are warned by their captain that they are liable to punishment for letting the spy escape.)

GENERAL SWALLOW quickly introduced his companion to Peggy.

"This is Miss Purple Swallow," he twittered, looking at her very proudly. "Some day I hope she will come to our own Birdland to live."

"I hope so, too," responded Peggy, who at the very first glance felt that she liked the young lady Swallow. Then she turned to the trouble of Ben and Bill. "We are looking for a 'jitney' driver who is a German spy. Ben and Bill threw him into the river, and we think he is somewhere in the swamp now: I am wondering whether swamp now: I am wondering whether you know the Birds around here well enough to ask them to help find him."

"To be sure I do," answered Miss Purple Swallow.
"And they'd do anything for her. Anybody would," gallantly added General Swallow, looking at her fondly.
"There's a flock of Red-Winged
Blackbirds resorting along the river." continued Miss Purple Swallow, ignor ing General Swallow's compliment.
"No human could be in the swamp without their knowing it. We'll report

without their knowing it. We is reporting a jiffy."

"Meet us on the edge of the swamp," called out Peggy as Miss Purple Swallow and General Swallow took wing.

"Were you talking to those Birds?" asked Ben, who had been watching the Swallows very intently. the Swallows very intently.

"Of course I was." replied Peggy.
"They'll have all the Birds in the swamp looking for the spy within a

They reached the edge of the swamp just as the Swallows came flying back.

"We've found him." they shrilled loudly. "A man in a blue suit, all wet and muddy."

"That's him!" declared Peggy.

"He is down in the old mill beside the river." twittered General Swallow.

a grassy lane that led across the swamp to the mill. The soldiers swung swamp to the mill. The soldiers swung along at such a pace that Peggy couldn't keep up with them. "You walk awful fast," she panted. "You walk awful fast," she panted.
"Can't you fly, Invisible Fairy?"
asked Ben in surprise.
"Not today," answered Peggy.
"Then Ill carry you. Where are the spy.

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"We've found him." they shrilled loudly. "A man in a blue suit, all wet and muddy."

"That's him." declared Peggy.

"He is down in the cld mill beside the river." twittered General Swallow. Peggy crept up to the door and looked in. "The is surely the man, for the Black-birds saw the soldiers throw him into the river and they followed him to the old mill."

Peggy quickly interpreted the Birds' message.

"I know that mill." exclaimed Ben, "the fishing is mighty good there."

Quickly they made their way down a grassy lane that led across the swamp to the mill. The soldiers swung she warm to the mill. The soldiers swung she warm to the mill to be might been hidden by camouflage Perfume she might have been scared. It was so deserted and spooky looking.

"He is in the little room at the side." said General Swallow. Peggy "the said General Swallow. Peggy "the side." said General Swallow. The was a man sitting on a box the cold mill. The soldiers wet and on the coat was the badge of a "timey" driver. A board squeaked the under Peggy's weight, and the man say looked up quickly. To Peggy's astonlishment it wasn't the "jitney" driver fat all. This was a very unhappy looking.

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pered to General Swallow.
"Then it must be the fellow in the front room." he answered, leading the way to another door. Peggy ventured inside, moving very cautiously. Over at one side she saw a soldier. As she entered he turned around. It was

gy helps to capture the spy.)

deep sense, till that moment. Mackenzie repeated his question.

"I didn't, till this moment. But I know her now."

Afterward he told me that he thought my mind had become unninged.

"Eer name was Margarita Thompson." I went on as if he had asked it. We lifted her free and laid her on the grass. There was blood on her dress; but she was not dead. A-bullet had cut a furrow on her right arm, and splinters of wood had wounded her in the neck, but she soon came around when we had carried her into the house, and bathed her wounds. Deverill's was a much more serious case, although, as it had chanced, he had been much less fired at. Indeed, he had received but the one shot from Dewinski, but that had caught him, as he was wheeling round, in the left side, fracturing a rib and then plowing a circular course till it emerged, as I found, just before reaching the spinal cord. It was a narrow thing, but his recovery, though tedious, was complete.

It was the second night after this devenues that Margarita now recover.

It was the second night after this devenues that Margarita now recover.

That: It probably indicates the

feminiae curiosity.

"Have you read all its secrets?" she asked.

"I wonder!" said Mackenzie.

"The twenty-seven above the dead lion bothered me." I remarked.

was a narrow thing, but his recovery, though tedious, was complete.

It was the second night after this adventure that Margarita, now recovered, explained in a few words the mystery of her appearance. She was very shy about it before Mackenzie. She was very shy about it before Mackenzie. The drawing is twofold. The lower haif is concerned with the organization for immediate action. The upper half shows the arranged landing places, the territory to be occupied at once and the means of transport. The first was between Snakespeare Cliff and Hythe, the territory to be occupied at once and the means of transport. The first was again mixed up with these people, and had barely escaped from them in London, I—well, I had to come down to look after him. When I went to the hotel in Dover, and was told he had gone away in a car with two gentlemen. I feared the worst. They gave me the names of the two at the hotel, and the next day I came here."

"Why here?" Mackenzie asked.

"Because of the drawing," she answered. "I knew he was exploring in this direction. It was not, however, till the very day, that is, last Wednesday, on which Mr. Abercromby was carried off, that I succeeded in discovering you at this hotel."

Mackenzie smiled.

"So much for our publicity campaign, Abercromby," he said. "Why, Miss Thompson, for those three days we paraded through all the streets of Folkestone."

The twenty-seven above the dead line bove recovered, with they established there. It probably indicates the detail number of agents they established there. The drawing is twofold. The lover haif is concerned with the organic street. The drawing is twofold. The lover haif is concerned with the organic street. The drawing is twofold. The lover haif is concerned with the organic street. The drawing is twofold. The lover haif is concerned with the organic street. The drawing is twofold. The lover haif is concerned with the organic street. The drawing is twofold. The lover haif is concerned with the organic street. The drawing is twofold. The lover h

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d young soldier and had nersuaded him to desert, just as he had tried to persuade Ben and Bill.

If they catch me, they'll do something terrible," called the boy.

"They'll think you were drowned while fishing and not look for you," answered the spy, striding over to the window. He glanced out, and what the saw caused him to jump back, shut the door quickly, and shoot the heavy bar into place.

"Get out of sight," he called softly, "There are soldiers coming."

"He returned to the window and cautiously looked out.

"It's those two, young chaps who it threw me into the river." he muttered savagely, "I'll fix them if they come this way," He drew a heavy plstol from its hoister, and held it ready for its matu use.

Peggy ran to the door. She must get outside to warn Ben and Bill. But she couldn't budge the heavy, rusty bar. She was a prisoner. Through the window she saw Bill and Ben did vance toward the mill. The spy raised his pistol menacingly.

"I want made me aware that he did not rate Margarita's perspicacity at a low tate Margarita's perspicacity at a low that to be told that. It was easy to see that night that you were greatly disturbed at the disappearance of Mr. Abercromby," she had run away from you."

"Mat made me aware that he do to told in this, and at to the told in this, and at the told that he had to be told in this, and as an end to that." It was the dath he had run away from you."

"Mat made way the first I make at the disappearance of Mr. Abercromby," she had run away from you."

"What made you change your view?"

"Moh. but it like that

"I went to Deverill and said: 'Are you waiting for Mr. Abercromby's return?" He almost jumped out of his chair. I showed him the letter, and once he had made me acquainted with your expeditions through the streets in a "Well, then, of course, you will need me." said Miss Thompson; and she hid her eyes from me on my breast. (THE END)

"CAP" STUBBS-And th' Answer Is-"No, Never!"

MY BROTHER C PTURED A

TOOK SEVENTEEN GERMAN PRILONERS





